

INTERNATIONAL
BO DEREK
THE NUDES
SHE DIDN'T
WANT
SEEN!



PLUS
JULIE
ANDREWS
SHOWS
US HER
BOOBS!



VOLUME ELEVEN
 NUMBER FOUR
 ITALY LIRE 5500
 GERMANY DM 12
 FRANCE FRANCS 30
 SPAIN PTAS 390

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DOUBLE
CELEBRITY
NUDE!
SENSA-
TION!

CLUB
GETS
"10"
OUT OF
"10"

EXCLUSIVE
PIERRE
CARDIN
WATCH OFFER
SAVE £££

Photographs by Fanny



Denise











Janice

Photographs by Rupert Daines









club

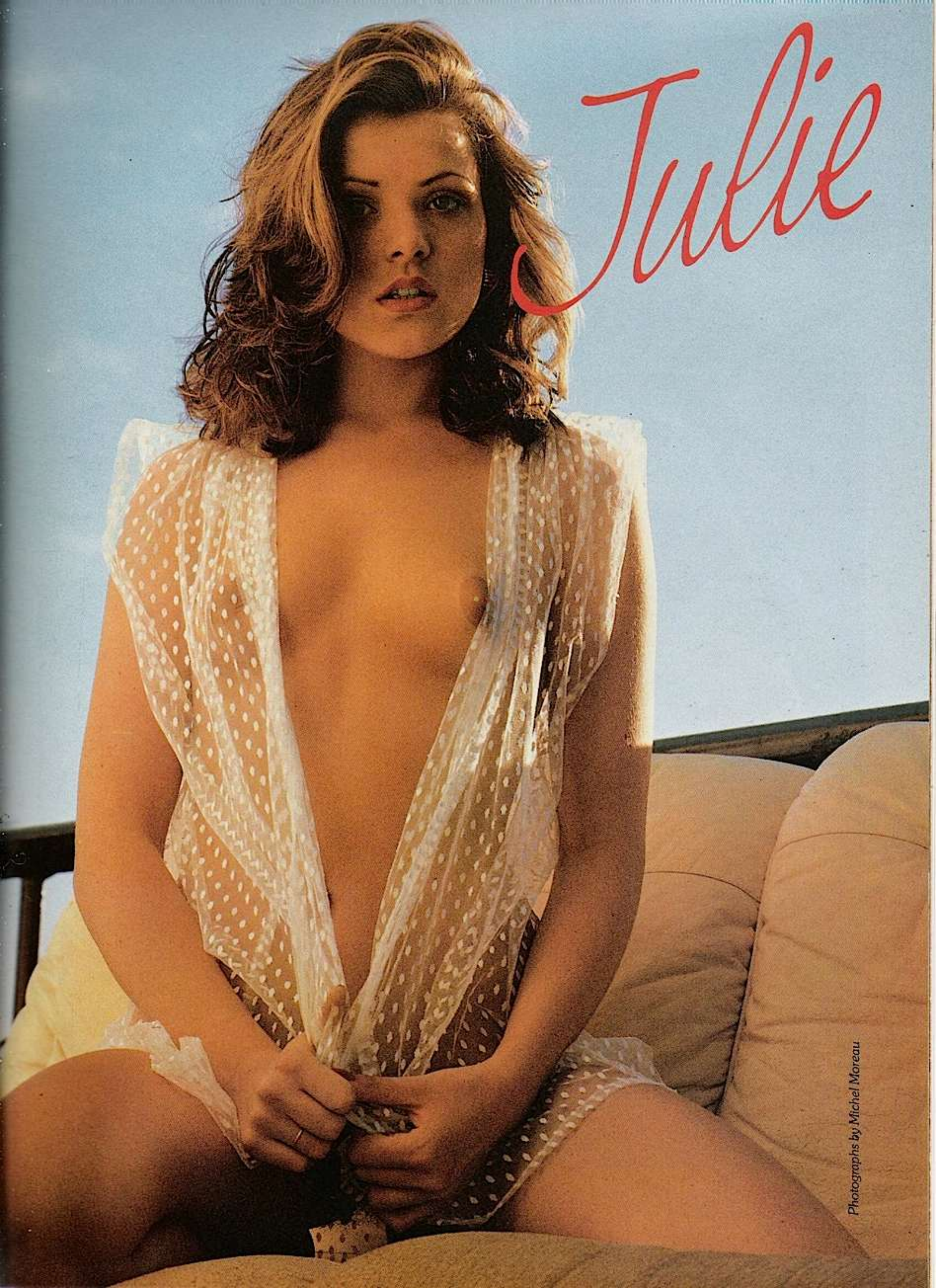












Tukkie

Photographs by Michel Moreau







Megan



Photographs by Rupert Daines







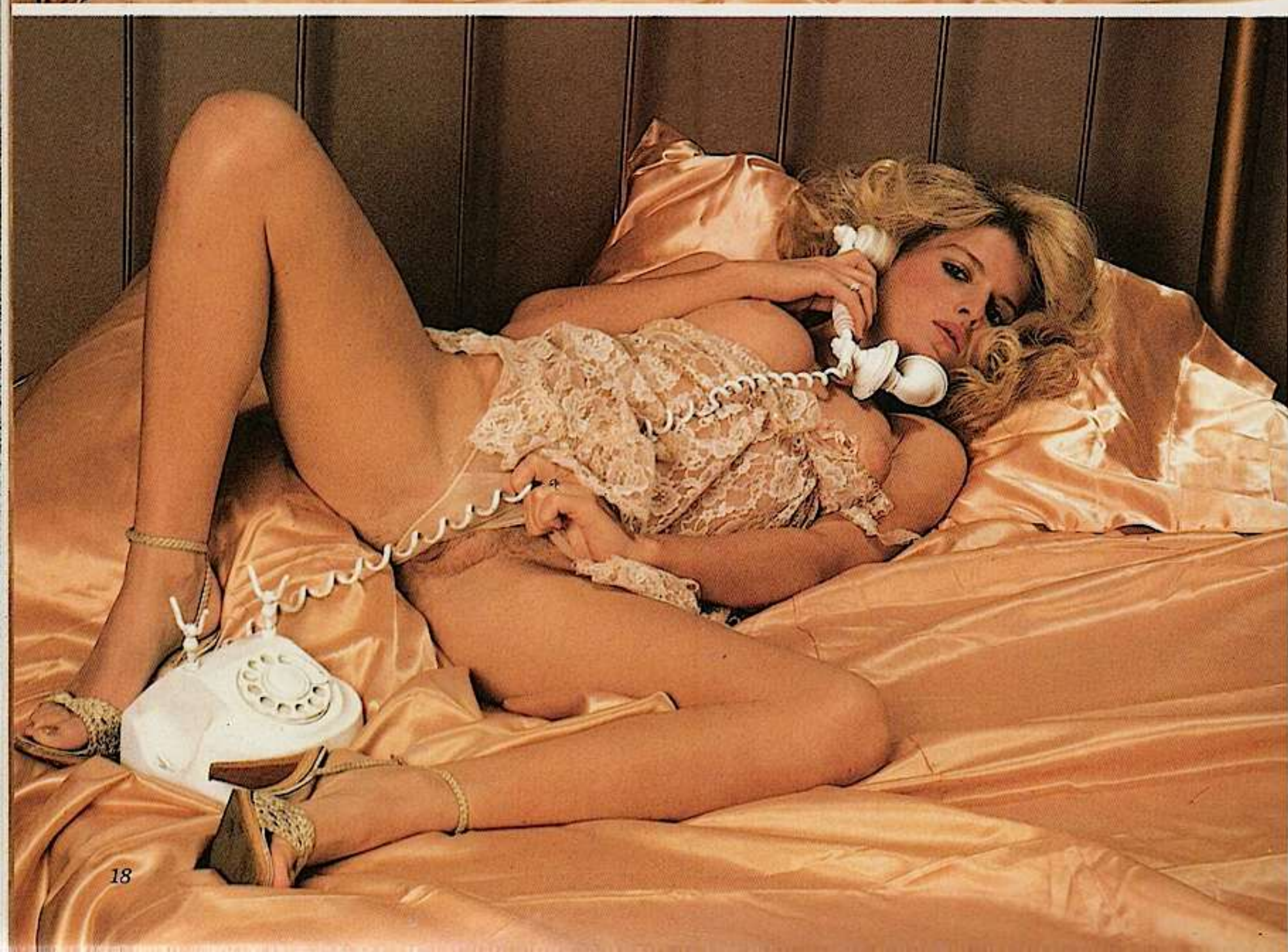




Triscia

Photographs by Byron Newman











Picture yourself in a tasteful but sumptuously furnished boudoir. The air is redolent of fragrances which hint at innocence tinged with sensuality. Soft, gentle music comes from a source hidden to you, the sound of fountain water trickling over cool marble soothes and relaxes your tenseness. You are seated in a comfortable armchair, your expectations heightened by not knowing what to expect.

Then she enters. She is small, petite, but perfectly formed and very beautiful. Her eyes coyly avoid yours, and she bows her head as if in shame. She is wearing the flimsiest of flimsy lace negligees, and panties which leave nothing to the imagination. As she moves before you to the bed, her body odour mingles with the perfumed air. You see the fine texture of her skin, the tiny blonde hairs raised in anticipation, her lips slightly parted, the tip of her tongue invitingly brushing those lustrous lips. Her hands rise to remove her upper garment, one hand gently trails over a breast, tantalizing the nipple, stiffening it instantly. She drops the garment, takes a breast in each hand, hefting them, feeling their pleasant plumpness and weight,

and only then does she look into your eyes, questioning. She wants to know if you are pleased with what you see. She smiles when she notes your approval. Gracefully her hands slide over her young body and in fluid movements she edges her scanty lace briefs over her legs. She turns so that you can inspect every aspect of her body. The smooth curve of her buttocks, the fullness of her belly, the slight mound of her pelvic bone, the fine hairs of her mound. You see glistening drops on the lips of her pussy, and she parts her legs slightly, inviting your attention. You are with her instantly. You bury your tongue deep into her finding her clitoris immediately. She is so aroused it takes only seconds for her to climax. Then she is pulling you on top of her, finding your straining cock with her small, cool hands, and guiding you into her. She is boiling inside, and her tight young muscles hold your cock in a vice like grip. She threshes and flings her legs about your back, pulling you into her. She yells obscenities as you plunge deeply into her until you both explode in orgasm. You lie breathless, still inside her. She weeps gently. This is Vivian.

Vivian

Photographs by Fanny







